

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL:
—THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE STATE—
Office on Illinois Street, North of Washington.

G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN, Editors.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION
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\$1 will pay for six months.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

AARON BURR AND MISS MONCRIFIE.—The Mayor of New York has taken the venerable old Mansion at the lower corner of Broadway, No. 1, as his residence, and has quite rejuvenated it, so far as external appearance is concerned. This house was occupied by the Colonial Governor of New York, Sir Henry Clinton, and afterwards was the headquarters of General Putnam, where he resided with his family. Aaron Burr being then his aide-de-camp; and, living there with him; and it was here that the celebrated and romantic intrigue took place between the unscrupulous Burr and that fairest of his victims, Miss Moncrieffe, who being taken prisoner as a British spy, was held in custody at this mansion. A writer in a New York paper gives these instances, connected with the story:

"Miss Moncrieffe, the celebrated British spy, was arrested near the fort at West Point, riding on horseback and accompanied by a servant. She was held in custody as a prisoner of war, to be exchanged for a general officer, whenever one should be taken."

She was permitted to enjoy the largest liberty, and indulged freely in her favorite occupation of drawing and painting. Every one admired the beautiful productions of her genius, which she desired to send to her father, but they accidentally passed through the hands of Aaron Burr, who astonished the U. S. officers by detecting, under the paintings, accurate plans of the American fortifications, intended as a guide to the British in their proposed attack on West Point!

Burr was up to all sorts of devilment and intrigue, and this fortunate discovery insured him a passport to the young amazon. The heartless Burr seduced her—probably she was a willing victim, as she knew enough of human nature to know that a wretch who would betray a female would betray his country, and she undoubtedly expected to find a traitor in her seducer. But she was disappointed. Burr's property in this instance at least held him to his allegiance, while his influence with the American Government, as well as her sex, saved her from the ignominious death of young Andre.

"The British and her father, to make her appear a mere child; represented her as being only fourteen years of age at the time of her capture by the Americans—a deception as she afterwards confessed. She was nearer twenty-two than fourteen."

A RUM TRAGEDY.—A CHILD SUICIDE.—James Ryan, living on the flats, near the Canals, got into an affray last night with some fellows up the towpath, in which he got considerably bruised and beaten. He was labouring under the excitement of liquor, and maddened, it is said, with jealous rage towards his wife, both of which causes operated to produce the quarrel, in which he got badly worsted. In this exasperated mood he went home, accompanied by a single individual, it being about 12 o'clock at night; and on entering the house, his wife, frightened at his bloody clothes and angry appearance, fled to a near neighbour's, leaving their only child, a bright little boy, about three years old, asleep in the foot of the bed.—Ryan, in a rage, seized a gun from under the bed, and swearing vengeance upon some one whom he declared was standing between him and his wife, discharged it, apparently at random. The man who accompanied him home had held of him at the time, and soon succeeded in wrenching the gun from his hands. It was some minutes after this melee that it was found the bed was on fire, occasioned by the burning wadding from the gun, and in extinguishing the flame, it was discovered that the contents of the gun had passed through the child's head from the back of its ear out at its forehead.

We visited the house to-day, and a more wretched picture of rum's doings we never saw. There sat the wife, with her eyes blackened by blows from her rum-maddened husband. Beside her, was her only child, but yesterday a promising, prattling boy—a corpse; the house in uproar, and its walls stained with blood—the partner of her miseries in the dungeon of a prison! Surely "truth is stranger than fiction."—Cleveland [O.] Plain Dealer.

ANECDOTE OF TALMA, THE FRENCH TRAGEDIAN.—We were dining together, one day with several friends, when Talma recited, in English, some passages from Richard III. His terrible sardonic laugh, in this character, has been frequently commented upon. He accented differently from our tragedians the passage, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," which on the English stage, was generally given with great emphasis on the first syllable of "kingdom." Talma spoke it more in accordance with nature, the emphasis being laid by him strongly upon the word "horse," the object desired.

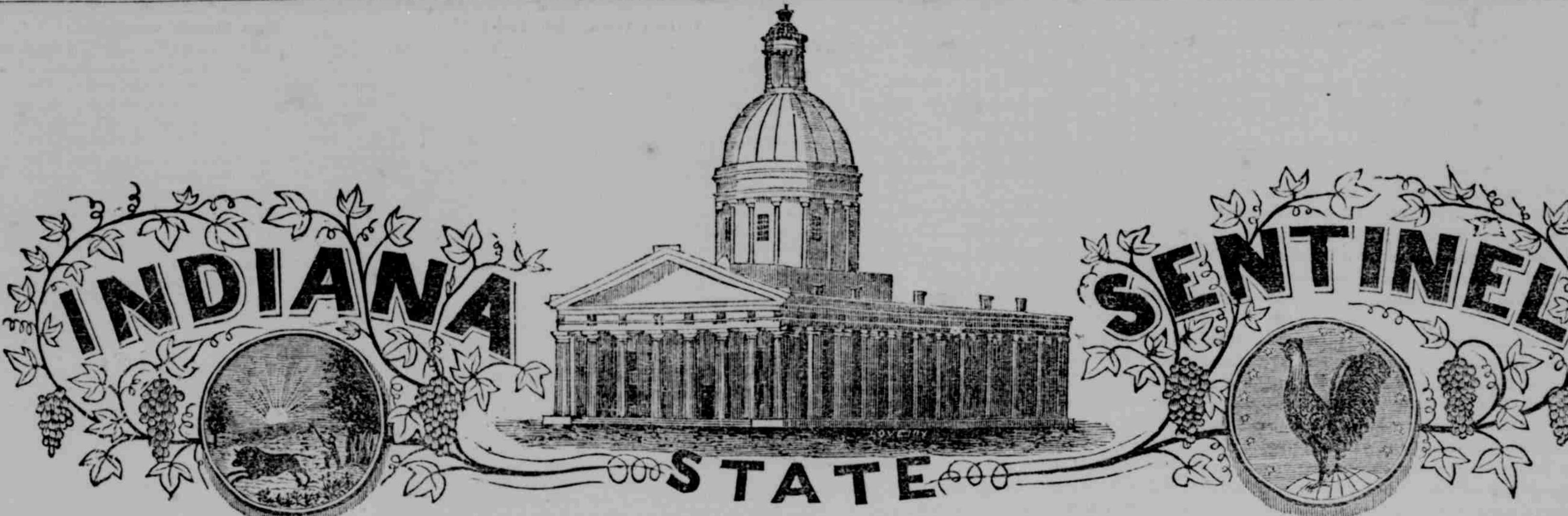
"Yes."

Beats a feller all hollow at mowin' and pickin'. Seid him stick a pig last winter and haint a feller in the town comes in a rod on him. Grand feller—smart chap—preach like sixty!"

RESPECT FOR WOMEN.—I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the society of women, who cherish them for a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of sentiment, are the favorites. A due respect for woman leads to respectful actions towards them—and respect is usually distant action; and this great distance is mistaken by many of them for neglect or want of interest.

When Dr. Johnson was asked what was the objection to gaming, he replied—"Sir,

the objection to gaming is this: it circulates money without any intermediate labor or in-



Indianapolis, July 29, 1846.]

SEMI-WEEKLY.

[Volume Eleven Number 17.]

THE GUEST.

By the author of "Ezekiel's visit to Devon Stokes."

"Tis about twenty years since Abel Law, a short, round-faced, sturdy old soldier of the Revolutionary War, was wedded to—

A most shamefaced shrew—

The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catherine, could be no more compared with hers,

Than mine.

With Lucifer's.

Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh

Fairing, like a cranny marsh,

And crooked.

Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,

And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.

The application of this hairy dame

Was to make me forget the name,

Of my brother—David—a tall,

Good-looking chap, and that was all.

One of your big, nothing, as we say

Here in Rhode Island,—telling up old jokes,

And cracking them on other folks,

Well, David undertook one night to play

The host, and frightened Abel, who,

He knew,

He would be returning from a journey, through

A grove of forest wood.

That stood

Below

The house—some distance, half a mile, or so.

With a long, sharp, wavy hair,

Jest made to cover

A wig, nearly as large over

As a can-basket; and a sheet

With both ends made to meet

Across his breast,

(The way in which ghosts are always dressed)

The devil you did! Why, then you are a tailor?

To be sure I am.

Why, how come you to be a lawyer?

Oh, that was one of the contingencies of getting on in the world. I was once a common soldier under Gen. Jackson during the Indian wars, and besides that honor I bid fair to become a common drunkard; and when I got back to our village I got in to so many scrapes—whipped so many fellows—that I was thrown into jail for the Sheriff's fees.

How did you manage to get out of that difficulty?

Why, my brother finally paid the costs, and invited me to study law with him.

You made rapid progress, no doubt?

Not very rapid. The difficulty was, that I had never learned to read; so I educated myself and studied law at the same time—got admitted—went farther west—got into practice—got into the legislature—got into Congress—and, *ecce signum*, here I am in the Senate.

After the next meeting among the stones,

Abel was quiet, seated, and was roaring

With all his might, and pouring

Out, in great confusion.

Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution,"

Its head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton,

And jolly as we were many parts,

David was nearly tired of waiting;

His patience was abating;

At length he heard the echoes tones

Of his kinsman's voice,

Action the next morning,

He was quiet, seated, and was roaring

With all his might, and pouring

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